

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

VOL. 49—No. 6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY)
SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Madame Cora de Wilhors and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. MAXES. Spohr's "Consecration of Sound," Larghetto and Scherzo, from New Symphony (Henry Gadsby); and Overtures "King Stephen" and "Euryanthe."

Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Tickets. Transferable stalls for remaining 11 concerts, One Guinea. Stalls for this concert, 2s. 6d. Now ready at the Palace and Exeter Hall.

NOTE.—Stalls for these concerts may always be booked in advance.

A SH WEDNESDAY.—THE LAST BALLAD CONCERT OF THE SEASON.—Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss D'Almaine, Miss Dalton, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Chevalier Antoine de Kontzki. Director of the Part Music, Mr. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. HATTON. Stalls, 6s. (family ticket for four, 21s.); balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s.—Early application should be made for tickets to Austin, St. James's Hall; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street; or the usual Music-sellers.

BACH'S PASSION.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, FEBRUARY 15.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.

BACH'S PASSION (S. MATTHEW)

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15th, at Eight o'clock
AT ST JAMES'S HALL.

Madame RUDERSDORFF. Madame PATEY.
Mr. CUMMINGS, and Herr STOCKHAUSEN.
Band and Chorus of 350 Performers.
Conductor, Mr. BARNBY.

Soft Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area and Balcony (reserved and numbered), 5s.; Balcony 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at NOVELLO's, 1, Berners Street, W., and 35, Poultry, E.C.; the principal Music-sellers; and AUSTIN's, St. James's Hall.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS. ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Conductor Mr. BARNBY.
THIRD SEASON, 1871.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE SIX CONCERTS—Stalls, £2 5s.; Area and Balcony, (reserved and numbered), 21s. Subscribers' names received by NOVELLO, EVER, & CO., No. 1, Berners Street, W., and 35, Poultry, E.C.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET, W. President—Mr. BENEDICT. Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Fifth Season, 1871. The 29th, 30th, 31st, and 32nd Concert of this Society, since its foundation, will take place on the following dates—WEDNESDAY, 15th February; WEDNESDAY, 5th April; WEDNESDAY, 17th May; WEDNESDAY, 23rd June. Annual Subscription, Two Guineas (Reserved Seat), and One Guinea (Unreserved). The Card of Membership admits to all Concerts, Soirees, and Meetings of the Society and Branches.—"The excellent concerts of the Schubert Society afford opportunities to young rising artists to appear in connection with professors of great reputation."—*Vide Press.* Prospectives may be obtained of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W., and full particulars from H. G. HOPKIN, Hon. Secretary, 27, Harley Street, W.

MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR and MISS LUCIE HANN will sing Henry Smart's much admired duet, "MAY," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recitals, in Southampton, February 22nd, and Isle of Wight, 23rd. Programmes at DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

THE ITALIAN OPERA BUFFA COMPANY

(LIMITED).

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.

SEASON 1871.

GREAT SUCCESS OF "ALI BABA."

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

BOTTESINI'S OPERA,

"ALI BABA,"

AND

CIMAROSA'S OPERA OF

"IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO,"

DURING THE WEEK.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13,

The New Opera,

"ALI BABA"

(THE FORTY THIEVES.)

The Music composed expressly for the Italian Opera Buffa Company (Limited),
by Signor BOTTESSI.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14,

First time of Cimarosa's Opera of

"IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO."

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15,

A Grand Morning Performance of

"ALI BABA."

Doors open at Half-past One. The Opera to commence at Two.

Composer, Conductor, and Director of the Music . . . Signor TITO MATTEI.
Secretary and Acting Manager, Mr. W. B. HEALEY.

Doors open at half-past Seven, the Opera commences at Eight o'clock.

Boxes and Stalls to be had at all the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses,
the Box-office at the Theatre. Open daily from Ten till Five.

MADAME PATEY will sing RANDEGGER's popular song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Mr. John Francis Barnett's Concert, St. James's Hall, TUESDAY EVENING, February 14.

SIGNOR CIRO PINSUTI begs to announce his Arrival in Town for the Season.—62, New Bond Street.

M. R. ARTHUR THOMAS will sing "MY SWEET HEART, WHEN A BOY," at Mr. G. S. Graham's Evening Concert, at the Angell Town Institute, Brixton, on FRIDAY, Feb. 17th, 1871.

GLUCK AND THE BERLIN OPERA.*

There are six masters to whom the unanimous judgment not only of Germany but of all civilized nations has assigned a place in the first rank of composers; they are: Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. They all belong to the German race. With one branch of their art, namely, opera, three only of these classics are concerned. Handel, it is true, wrote a large number of operas in the Italian style of his time, but he did not achieve artistic greatness till he devoted himself to oratorio, and cultivated the rich forms of choral song, into which he infused the grandeur of epic feeling. Haydn, also, essayed the field of opera, but without doing full justice to his artistic capabilities. Thus Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven are the classic composers of opera. The last named master composed only one work of this kind. If in connection with this fact, we recollect that even Mozart, in the case of several of his operatic creations, did not meet with a proper subject out of which to fashion a genuine work of art, the number of classical productions in this extensively cultivated branch of music dwindles down in an extraordinary manner. The above circumstance, striking as it is at first sight, ceases to surprise us, if we realize to ourselves the essential nature of opera. As far as form is concerned, it represents musical drama. But, even in poetry, only a few, and those the most favoured, poets have succeeded in grasping the dramatic movement of the soul. In the sphere of music, the probability of succeeding in this is even more limited, because music, by its very nature, excludes a number of objects and causes of dramatic action which are available for poetry. But, while the rareness of truly dramatic music cannot astonish us, we ought not, on the other hand, to feel surprised at another equally well-established fact, namely: that opera has been so universally cultivated and studied. This branch of the art possesses the most varied means, even exclusive of the purely dramatic element, for occupying and captivating the senses both of sight and hearing. Thus, even when Gluck appeared, it was in a comparatively speaking most flourishing state. It had sprung into life in Italy in the seventeenth century, and been regarded by its first representatives as a revival of ancient tragedy. In opposition to the people's burlesque plays enlivened with songs (*opera buffa*), *opera seria* was distinguished for the strictness characterizing its subject and form. Whatever weak germ of dramatic life may, however, have originally existed in this kind of composition, it speedily disappeared under the conventional development of lyrical song-forms, the principal objects of which were highly ornamented technical excellence and melodic charm.

The material circumstances in the history of music connected with Gluck's first appearance as a composer may be stated in a few words. Cristophe Willibald Gluck, born, in 1714, at Weidenwang, a village on the Bohemian-Franconian frontier, received his first education in Bohemia, where a certain culture of music, innate in the national character, was fostered by the practice of the aristocracy at that period of maintaining private musical establishments. From Bohemia, Gluck went to Vienna, and thence to Milan, where he immediately became a popular composer in the Italian style then prevalent. In this capacity he visited also London and several of the German capitals. In 1748 he settled definitively at Vienna, and was, in 1754, appointed *Capellmeister* at the Opera. It was then, in his mature age, that he became acquainted with Klopstock's poems, and felt moved by the spirit of a new age in them. In German literature the struggle was then commencing against artificial and conventional forms; the watchword was: nature and truth. We perceive the same tendency shortly after in France, its advocates being Diderot and other kindred spirits. Gluck's determined and peculiar nature possessed the inward impulse and the sense of truth that made him leave the style of composition in which he had achieved a great number of undoubted successes, and in which he might easily have achieved many more—a style to which he was indebted for an agreeable lifelong appointment—and which made him do so, moreover, at an age when most men, even according to Goethe's assertion, do not strike out a new path. The object of all Gluck's efforts was henceforth to infuse into music the true expression of the emotions of the soul. With a sharpness, clearness, and full consciousness of purpose, such as creative artists rarely exhibit, he often supported his endeavours by theoretical disquisitions, more especially in the dedication to *Aleeste*, with which opera he entered on his new sphere of action. There was one circumstance not unattended with danger for Gluck's attempt, and that was that music, as Gluck himself required, must occupy a position entirely dependent upon the poem. This dependency will be advantageous, when there is a genuinely poetic book, which, at the same time, affords scope for the music to complete the expression of the feelings portrayed in it. But if music finds only a perfect poem as a support, it will take no heed of the deficiencies of such a poem, but be compelled to go beyond it in free configuration. Practically, Gluck pursued no other course.

It so happened that, when Gluck began his reformatory efforts in Vienna, the form of grand opera as developed by Lully in the national French style, was, in Paris, being driven into the background by Italian music. It was, too, the very advocates of truth and nature who preferred Italian music, because its strains exercised at least a directly animating effect, while the style of declamation handed down from Lully struck them as exaggerated, forced, and foreign to anything natural. Thus it came to pass that Baily du Rollet, a Frenchman connected with the French Embassy at Vienna, induced Gluck to make an essay at the Grand Opera, Paris. It was Du Rollet's aim not only to give the national French style, by means of Gluck's talent, the upper hand once more over the Italian, but to perfect it and free it from the false traditions that had gradually got mixed up with it. It was Marie Antoinette, wife of the then dauphin, who, as an Austrian princess, helped to smooth the way for her countryman in Paris. It is sufficiently well known what a sensation and what a conflict of opinions were created thereby by Gluck's operas; how the partisans of the Italian style summoned, on their part, a talented champion, in the person of Piccini, to that capital, and how, after some few vacillations, public opinion there decided unanimously in favour of Gluck.

Thus a question of art split up the high society of Paris into two camps, and became the most important topic of the day, but only a short time was destined to elapse before the Revolution annihilated that society. Owing to this fact, a peculiar fate was reserved for the creations of the German composer. The sphere for which they were originally intended had disappeared. Though, by their inward worth, they might be raised above mere casual favour, there was in them a great deal which rendered difficult their naturalization elsewhere. In the first place, the books were modelled upon Racine's poems, which, in their turn, were intended for imitations or continuations of ancient tragedy. The simple grandeur of the antique drama, when transformed in the French imitation to courtly good-breeding, could not reckon upon any extensive sympathy beyond the sphere for which the operas were written, and in which it had, through a sort of affinity, more outward, however, than real, found a second home. The German stage turned partly to domestic drama, and partly in the heroic drama to the more fanciful world of romance. It must not be forgotten that the antique form of art which pourtrays simple emotions in the highest state of intensity and grandeur, imposes a certain restraint upon the mobility of modern life, and presupposes highly educated circles as its proper sphere. German opera was soon swayed by the genius of Mozart, who, in a different manner from that which Gluck had followed, rendered more profound Italian operatic style, by the greatest richness and choice beauty of musical creation combined with lifelike characterization, the music occupying a far more independent position than Gluck wished to allow it.

When the revolutionary epoch had been brought to a termination in France some of Gluck's operas again appeared, during the first Empire, on the stage. But the feeling of the time was directed to outward pomp and material effects, and the fine sense for art which first received and accompanied Gluck's creations existed no longer.

The echo of the sensation they first produced in Paris caused the creations of the last period of Gluck's life to be brought out at the larger theatres of Germany, especially at Berlin and Vienna. During the stormy epoch of the different wars they disappeared, or, whenever they were performed, failed to take a firm hold of the public. When the period of war, with its sufferings and convulsions, was at an end, the school of music which obtained the supremacy over every other was one striving more after melodic charm than profundity and character—a school in keeping with the temper of a period desirous, after long oppression, of breathing again, of forgetting, and of amusing itself.

It was at this epoch, an epoch utterly unfavourable to the proper appreciation of such works, an epoch when, at most theatres in France and Germany, they had almost entirely disappeared from the stage, that the Royal Opera, Berlin, had the merit of providing an asylum for Gluck's operas. Gasparo Spontini, whom King Friedrich Wilhelm III. had summoned from Paris to Berlin to be *Capellmeister* of the Royal Opera, and subsequently Director-General of Music, and who, on his part, had entered into the traditions of old grand opera in Paris, and owed many an impulse to Gluck, assisted in preventing the latter from being forgotten in Berlin. In consequence of Richard Wagner's exertions, the Dresden Opera followed, between 1840 and 1850, this example. At present, people have in Germany got, at least, so far, that these works, though they may not have attained any extensive popularity, are, from time to time offered, as the acme of musical drama, to art-connoisseurs at the larger theatres.

The statistical returns of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, record, up to the year 1783, a number of performances of four of the operas belonging to the composer's earlier epoch, which was dedicated to the traditional Italian style. Of his subsequent works, the last and most complete, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, was produced on the 24th April, 1795, since when, at varying intervals, it has gone through 176 representations. The first performance of *Armida* took place on the 20th May,

* From the Berlin *Staats-Anzeiger*.

[Feb. 11, 1871]

1805; up to the present moment, it has been performed 141 times. *Orpheus* was first produced on the 20th April, 1808, and that performance has been followed by 46 others. On the 25th December, 1809, *Iphigenia in Aulis* was first performed, and has been repeated 29 times. No information is to be obtained concerning the earlier performances of *Alceste*, but it was revived on the 15th October, 1817, and has since then been performed 60 times.

—
ORGAN NEWS.

The following is a description of the grand organ built by Messrs. Gray & Davison for the Catholic Apostolic Church, Gordon Square:—Three Manuals CC to G, the Swell throughout, and Pedal Organ from CCC to F, Two Octaves and a Fourth.

GREAT ORGAN.

Double Diapason	... 16 feet.	Fifteenth	... 2 feet.
Open Diapason	... 8 "	Mixture	... 2 ranks.
Gamba	... 8 "	Tierce	... 1½ feet.
Stopped Diapason	... 8 "	Trumpet	... 8 "
Harmonic Flute	... 4 "	Clarion	... 4 "
Principal	... 4 "	Double Trumpet	... 16 "
Twelfth	... 3 "		

SWELL ORGAN.

Double Diapason	... 16 feet.	Mixture	... 3 ranks.
Open Diapason	... 8 "	Oboe	... 8 feet.
Stopped Diapason	... 8 "	Vox Humana	... 8 "
Dulciana	... 8 "	Cornopean	... 8 "
Harmonic Flute	... 4 "	Clarion	... 4 "
Principal	... 4 "	Tremulant to Swell.	
Fifteenth	... 2 "		

CHOIR ORGAN.

Open Diapason	... 8 feet.	Flute	... 4 feet.
Dulciana	... 8 "	Viol d'Amour	... 4 "
Stopped Diapason	... 8 "	Piccolo	... 2 "
Keranophon	... 8 "	Clarinet	... 8 "
Vox Angelica	... 8 "	Bassoon	... 8 "

PEDAL ORGAN.

Sub-Bass	... 32 feet.	Violoncello	... 8 feet.
Open Diapason	... 16 "	Principal	... 8 "
Violin	... 16 "	Fifteenth	... 4 "
Bourdon	... 16 "	Trombone	... 16 "

COUPLERS.

Swell to Great.		Choir to Pedals.	
Swell to Choir.		Sforzando Great to Swell by Pedal.	
Great to Choir.		Eight Composition Pedals, Two Bal-	
Great to Pedals.		lows of different pressures, &c., &c.	
Swell to Pedals.			

—
THE ALBERT HALL.

The managers of that unfinished building at Kensington Gore, popularly termed by some "The Stilton Cheese" and more reverently called by others "The Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences," have put forth an announcement of their intended doings for the spring and summer. The programme includes nine items, more than half of which are musical, and, hence, we infer that the South Kensington gentlemen have resolved to become large patrons of the "divine art," and to make their huge, if not majestic, edifice a temple for its worship. We applaud their determination, and sincerely hope they may be guided into the right way of doing things, through being endowed with "a single eye" to the advancement of taste and culture, and not a double optic, one half widely open to the interests of a clique and the good of a speculation. These may seem uncharitable remarks; but "South Kensington" has acquired a name which makes discreet folks somewhat mistrust its devotion to the noble objects served with such apparent zeal in that favoured suburb. The musical part of the Royal Albert Hall season will, doubtless, begin on the opening day, March 29th, when, if report speak truthfully, performances on a large scale will enter into the proceedings. There may also be a similar display at the opening of the London International Exhibition on Mayday; but in this latter case, as in the former, music will only be regarded as subsidiary and incidental. The real business begins with the third item, which is thus described: "Performances on the Organ by the most distinguished Organists in Europe." Whether the general public and especially the great people who have paid £1,000, for 999 years' possession of a grand tier box, will care for such entertainments is a matter of doubt. On the other hand, the interest of a large number of amateurs is certain to be excited, and one reproach will be taken away

from London. It is a strange fact that the metropolis at the present moment can boast no such opportunities for the enjoyment of organ music and organ playing as are possessed by Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, and other towns. There is not an instrument in any London hall adapted for solo performances, and the wealth of a noble repertory of compositions, the skill of our organists, and the modern resources available for both are practically unknown. "South Kensington" promises, at all events, to remedy this. The instrument now being erected in the Albert Hall is of prodigious dimensions—we hope it may turn out as good as it is great—and if "the most distinguished organists in Europe" are really available, there will be no more cause for complaint—always provided that genuine organ music is given, and not those show pieces which affect to treat the instrument as equivalent to an orchestra, and only succeed in making it a burlesque. The next item speaks of "performances by military bands invited from different States of Europe." Here we have an appeal to a very different class of the public; and no doubt the bands will enjoy a great deal of popular favour. But we cannot say that the result is likely to prove very striking as regards an elevated popular taste. Military bands are very well in their way—at the head of a regiment, or as part of a pageant—but they fill the ear more effectually than they do anything else. "A series of Evening Performances by the Sacred Harmonic Society" will meet with everybody's approval. Let us hope, however, that they do not foreshadow the emigration of the society from Exeter Hall to the far west. The managers are notoriously dissatisfied with their accommodation in the Strand—no wonder!—but it is better for them to endure the ills they have than fly to others which they know not of; and many serious ills are sure to be encountered if the society's tent be pitched so far out of most people's way as Kensington Gore. We next come to "A Series of Concerts of Vocal and Instrumental Music organized by the Society of Arts in Aid of a National Training School of Music, and conducted by Sir Michael Costa." No doubt the concerts will be good and we heartily wish them well; but with regard to their object most people will hold sympathy in reserve till the "National Training School" assumes a definite form. Emphatically, we do not want any such institution forced upon us at the hands of Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., and his associates, none of whom, the Society of Arts included, are equal to the master, or able to inspire confidence in those without whose confidence nothing can be done. This closes at present the musical programme of the Royal Albert Hall, and leaves an impression of varied efforts and large aims, along with an uncomfortable feeling that the results will hardly be proportionate.

—
COUPLES.

MUSIC IN STATE-AIDED SCHOOLS.

About a fortnight since a deputation from the Society of Arts, representing the Musical Education Committee, waited upon the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, at the Privy Council Office, to urge the importance of that subject being made compulsory in all State-aided schools.

Sir John Pakington, Bart., M.P., said they were desirous of having music and singing introduced into all schools. It would, on many other grounds, be desirable to teach music so as to improve the British character; and amongst the humbler classes it would have the effect of refining the feelings and improving the taste. The art of singing was one of the most enjoyable a child could possess, not only from a religious point of view, but from many other points. It was desirable that singing should be taught. And now that they had what they might call a national system of education, he did hope that the Government would feel that by the adoption of the suggestions made, a great additional advantage would be conferred upon the children of this country by making it, at least, compulsory in all the elementary schools.

Mr. Tufnell said, in the schools under his charge, music, both instrumental and vocal, had been adopted. The children in all these schools not only sang, but carried out the musical part of the services in the church. There appeared to be a strong tendency to cultivate instrumental music; and the schools under his inspection were now supplying the bands of all the regiments with music boys. They always insisted that one of the masters should be a good vocalist, so as to be able to teach singing and to play the organ. The result was that every pupil-teacher was able to play the organ before he left the school.

Mr. Edwin Chadwick said that the idea of teaching music in schools was by no means a modern innovation. A document had been discovered in the handwriting of Thomas Cromwell, giving a system of education approved by Henry the Eighth, and which contained directions for the teaching of music.

The Rev. Canon Cromwell said there was such a demand for masters who could teach music at the present time, that one of lower attainments in other respects was preferred to a man who had no musical knowledge.

Mr. J. F. Puttick spoke of the progress made in those schools where music was taught, as compared to those where it was omitted, and sug-

gested the importance of the Government putting forth a system in which music should be taught.

Mr. Forster said he was very glad indeed to have met the deputation upon the subject which had been the topic of conversation. He had never been taught music—and he much regretted it—or possibly he would have more harmony in his soul. A difficulty as to time arose. A very influential deputation had waited upon them to urge the teaching of science in schools, and possibly others would want drawing taught, but then they had no surplus of time at present with which to deal with these subjects. He would be glad to have any practical suggestion on the subject of music, and he thanked the deputation for waiting upon him.

GRILLPARZER ON BEETHOVEN.

The following is the speech, written by Grillparzer, to which Dr. Ferdinand Hiller alluded in a recent article :

"As we stand here at the grave of him who has departed, we are, as it were, the representatives of an entire nation, of the united German people, grieving over the one revered half of what was still left us of the past brilliancy of our native art, and the intellectual vigour of our native land. The hero of poetry in the German language still lives—and may he long continue to do so—but the last master of tuneful song, the heir to the immortal fame of Handel and of Bach, of Haydn and of Mozart, he who continued the task they had left, has finished his earthly career, and we stand weeping over the broken strings of the now silent lyre. The silent lyre!—Let me not call him so! For he was an artist, and what he was, he was through art. The thorns of life wounded him deeply, and, just as a shipwrecked man clings to the shore, so did he fly into thy arms, O Art, who art descended from above—who art the glorious sister of the Good and of the True, just as thou art the consoler of those who suffer! He grasped thee firmly, and even when the gateway through which thou enteredst to him was closed, thou didst still speak to him; when, by his deafness, he had become blind as far as thy features were concerned, he still wore thy portrait in his heart, and, when he died, it still lay on his breast. An artist was he, and who stands near him? Just as the Behemoth rushes through the seas, so did he fly through the entire range of his art. From the cooing of the dove to the rolling of the thunder; from the most subtle weaving of wayward artistic resources up to the fearful point when what is formed is merged in an irregular and capricious contest of the powers of nature—he sounded, he grasped them all. Whovver comes after him will not continue; he will have to commence, for his predecessor ended only where art ends. Adelaide and Leonore! The celebration of the hero of Victoria, and the devout song of the Mass! Ye children of the three and four-part strains! Impetuous Symphony! "Freude, schöner Götterfunke," thou song of the dying swan!—range yourselves around his grave and strew it with laurels!

"He was an artist, but he was, also, a man—a man in the fullest acceptance of the word! Because he held himself aloof from the world, he was called malevolent, and, because he avoided emotion, unfeeling. Ah! he who knows he is harsh does not feel! It is precisely the superabundance of sensitiveness which avoids emotion. If he fled from the world, it was because he could not find, in the profundities of his loving disposition, any weapon wherewith to withstand it; if he withdrew from mankind, it was because he had given them everything and received nothing in return!—He was solitary, because he found nothing similar to himself. But, up to his death, he retained a humane heart for all humanity—paternal towards his kith and kin, riches and life to the whole world.

"So was he, so did he die, so will he live for all times. But you, who have followed our procession here, restrain your grief. You have not lost him; you have won him. He is! If the gates of life have closed upon him and separated him from us, the gates of the temple of Immortality have flown open. There he stands by the great men of all ages, unassailable for ever! Therefore, depart hence, grieving but of good heart, and if in life the power of his creations overcome you, like the approaching storm, if your tears flow in the midst of a generation as yet unborn, remember this hour and think within yourselves: 'We were present when they buried him, and, when he died, we wopt.'

DARMSTADT.—With the exception of only two or three pieces, the programme of the second Philharmonic Concert was filled exclusively with compositions by Beethoven. First came the grand overture to *Fidelio*. This was followed by a prologue—delivered, in a very impassioned manner, by Herr Fallenbach—referring to what Beethoven effected, and to the relation he holds to the present age. Herr Bott, Dr. Spohr's well-known pupil, played some violin pieces, and Madame Jaide sang several of Beethoven's songs. The concert concluded with a fine performance of the *Sinfonia Eroica*, under the direction of Herr Neswadba.

ST. LEGER ABOUT BALFE.

"Friendship has its duties as well as its pleasures," is the first sentence in the introduction to Mr. H. J. St. Leger's *Reminiscences of Balfe*. Acting up to the maxim, our author set himself a task which may be best described in his own words:—"It is not my intention to write Mr. Balfe's biography, or give an elaborate critique of his beautiful operas and songs. I intend merely to endeavour to do homage to his memory, to do my best to prevent his becoming the object of misrepresentation (the lot of most artists on all points), to relate a few anecdotes of which he was the hero, record the titles of his operas, and the success which rewarded many years of patient labour, and acquaint the uninitiated with some of the trials that a young artist encounters, when to genius is added great mental and personal charms." Who will say that these objects are not highly laudable, or that their realization may not be extremely useful? Assuredly, no one; and, therefore, in the inception of his little book Mr. St. Leger did well. The idea is worked out by means of an introduction, four pages long, containing a disquisition upon Balfe's character; and some fifty anecdotes, a few of which are irrelevant, as applying more to Mr. St. Leger than to the deceased composer. With regard to the introduction we wish it were, as it might easily be made in a second edition, four or five times the length. True, we see a good deal of Balfe in the anecdotes, and get by their means some knowledge of his real nature; but when one intelligent man has taken a thirty-six years' observation of another, surely there is more to be said than four small pages will contain. However, for the present we must be content with what we have, and now let us look a little into it. Mr. St. Leger confirms what the least informed on musical subjects must know, that Balfe's volatile Irish disposition was a serious obstacle in his path. Fond of enjoying the passing hour, and endowed by nature with gifts sufficient to attain his not very exalted ends without the hard work of a serious student, Balfe floated gaily down the stream of life. His temptations were doubtless great. "After the production of his first work in England," says Mr. St. Leger, "he was thrown into the midst of the best society, and, becoming one of its most attractive members, he was allured away from that seclusion which is so necessary to an artist. * * * Future fame, then, perhaps, was forgotten in the enjoyment of present popularity; his patrons became his friends: he not only visited them but received them at his own house; heavy expenses were naturally incurred, and great anxieties were the result, and time that could have been employed more profitably was lost for ever." What an old story is here told!—an old story ever new, it is to be feared, for may we not at any time see bright and promising talent clouded by the very admiration it excites. In this respect Balfe was only one of a list of unfortunates, the end of which is not yet. The composer's great failing—his only one, according to Mr. St. Leger—was a want of that firmness of character which might have enabled him to say "no" to his aristocratic tempters. He "was often undecided, and this caused him to commit errors, which like those of great minds, he speedily recognized, and which he sought to repair." But, *per contra*, "he was essentially a large-hearted, broad-minded man, very amiable, always eager to praise or help any one in his profession, unostentatiously generous to the poor, genial and light, demonstrative, and tenderly affectionate to those he loved, a loyal, sincere friend, courteous to all, entirely free from conceit, vanity, and all envy, and never joined in censure, applying to himself the divine reproof, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.' " This is, indeed, a goodly list of virtues; and even making allowance for Mr. St. Leger's natural partiality, enough remains amply to explain the personal favour in which the composer was held. It would appear that a change took place in Balfe towards the close of his life; a change which might with advantage have happened earlier. "In latter years," writes his friend, "to the few who understood his nature he was a different man—serious and thoughtful, loving his profession, and studying his art with the eagerness that characterizes youth." Confirmation is given to this statement by the following extract from a letter dated some time in 1868:—"If God only gives me another chance, I will gain a second and greater reputation. I am up early in the morning revising, correcting, and re-instrumenting *The Bohemian Girl*—trying to perfect old ideas—giving my work the benefit of mature judgment. I intend to work very hard, and seriously try to retrieve much lost time, if life be granted me. Auber has attained the ripe age of eighty, so I am hopeful; my mind is still fresh and young, and my health is improving daily, thank God." The reader can make his own commentary on the above, and draw therefrom its obvious moral. "The night cometh when no man can work," and he who attempts great things when the shades of evening are falling must expect to be overtaken by the darkness.

With regard to the anecdotes which make up the bulk of Mr. St. Leger's little book, we must at the outset, testify their readability. It is impossible to leave off, after beginning No. 1 till No. 50 has been finished, and many a hearty laugh fills up the intervening time. This

[Feb. 11, 1871.]

is partly due to Mr. St. Leger himself, who relates his stories *en robe de chambre*, with so much apparent enjoyment in the telling, and with such unbounded admiration for the subject, and such a naive expression of his own dignity as mouthpiece and occasional actor, that we cannot but enter thoroughly into sympathy with what we read. The result is fortunate, because, otherwise, objections might arise to the insertion of stories which, however good in themselves, have little to do with Balfé. As it is, who would stop Mr. St. Leger's flow of anecdote, when he tells how, on the occasion of the production of *Falstaff*, he saw the bare back of Signor Lablache, "which was so large that it would have tired a mouse to run round it;" when he describes his feelings as Balfé played and sang to him "The Power of Love;" or when he enters into various minute details respecting expeditions undertaken on the composer's behalf. Occasionally indeed our author goes a little too far, boldly heading one chapter "St. Leger and the *Morning Post*," and telling how he was engaged by Mr. Lumley, who had a share in the fashionable paper, to write up various enterprises set on foot by that gentleman. Mr. St. Leger remarks that he received a "very small salary," and we add that the entire transaction is not of the kind which those who took part in it should care to have known. What was Mr. St. Leger's mode of working he relates with so much *naïveté* that we cannot resist a quotation:—"Some persons may imagine that Mr. St. Leger was, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, at three places all at once; but he will explain to his amiable readers the way he performed his onerous duties. His wife being educated in Paris, and having a peculiar talent for giving the analysis of plays, used to go to the French Theatre; he used to go to Her Majesty's Theatre; and Mr. William Millais, an enthusiastic musical amateur, used to go to the concerts, and mark the programme with signs previously agreed upon between Mr. St. L. and him. The three contributors then met at half-past eleven o'clock at Mr. St. Leger's residence, in Great Portland Street, Portland Place, where the articles were concocted. As it was necessary that each article should be at the *Morning Post* office before the clock struck one a.m., it was fortunate for the author that Hansom cabs were in vogue at the time, as very often Mr. St. Leger was pressed for a minute." There is not that delicious, even apart from the absorbing relation of how the critical matter of a morning journal is made up? Assuredly we need only say that the book contains more gossip of a like sort, to turn every reader into a buyer. It would hardly be fair to transcribe any of the genuine Balféan anecdotes, though the interest of some of them sorely tempts us. We should like to tell how Balfé met Count Bismarck and did not know him; how he encountered a "mysterious millionaire"; how he was so pleased with the ready wit of a cabman as to give the man sixpence extra; how he drank and told stories about black coffee; how he "wetted the two sides of his throat" in company with King Clicquot (brother of Bomba the Second), and under what provocation he once said "Oh, you thundering bannerman, what are you about?" But we must refrain, and bid all our readers purchase Mr. St. Leger's book for themselves. If they do not "laugh consumedly," we shall ever after distrust our judgment of what is amusing.

— — — THADDEUS EGG.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The New Philharmonic Society gave the first *soirée musicale* for the season at St. George's Hall, on February 1. One of the most attractive features of the programme was Loder's *Island of Calypso*. This work was given during the season of 1852, and achieved a genuine success. *The Island of Calypso* was of course no novelty, but its performance was highly creditable. The vocalists were Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Beverley, Mr. Turner, and Mr. Desmond Ryan, whose clever singing gave good effect to the music of Mentor. Another feature was a sonata for pianoforte and clarionet, by Miss Alice Smith, admirably executed by the composer and Mr. Lazarus. Miss Smith's work, like her playing, deserves to be heard again, and often; it is really clever and interesting. Mr. Lazarus's performance was unrivalled in tone, taste and execution. Mr. T. H. Wright played a harp solo, by Lebarre, with exquisite skill; and Madlle. de Bono distinguished herself on the violin by a clever performance of one of Artot's solos. Professor Wylde conducted.

We understand Mr. A. Nimmo, publisher of St. Leger's *Reminiscences of Balfé*, received a letter on the 8th inst., from Major-General Sir Thomas Biddulph, Buckingham Palace, acknowledging the receipt of the above interesting and amusing little book, which was forwarded by Mr. St. Leger to Her Majesty the Queen, through Mr. A. Nimmo, as one of Her Majesty's librarians. The book was splendidly bound in Emerald green watered silk, with Her Majesty's monogram and crown in gold, and printed on rose-tinted vellum paper in the first style of elegance, by Messrs. Henderson, Rait, & Fenton, Berners Street, W.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

An excellent concert was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, beginning with the inimitable overture to Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, and ending with the "Trumpet Overture" of Mendelssohn—one of those works which, though composed in his early youth, was not published till long after his death, and for which all those who care for his music have reason to be thankful, inasmuch as on every fresh hearing new beauties are revealed. Both overtures were admirably played—Mozart's, as brief as it is spirited and masterly, being repeated, in deference to the unanimously expressed desire of the audience. There was also Schumann's elaborate and interesting pianoforte concerto in A minor, the very difficult solo part in which was executed with wonderful facility and almost unerring mechanism by Mr. Oscar Beringer, whose recent studies at Berlin would seem, in a great measure, to have influenced him in changing his style. Whether the change is for the better must be a matter of opinion; we certainly think not, our impression being that occasional intervals of repose have no little to do with the charm which any performance of the kind can exercise. The next time Madame Schumann plays her late husband's concerto in public Mr. Beringer will do well to listen attentively, and he may derive a wholesome lesson. He has fine qualities—remarkable energy, great command of the key-board, and emphatic accentuation being not among the least of them; and for this reason we should be sorry to find him in the ranks of those pianists who compel us to believe that, when exhibiting in public, they think rather more of themselves than of the composer upon whose music they may be engaged. Mr. Beringer was very much applauded, and deservedly so, at the termination of his performance, which, for the most part, and with the reservation we have felt it our duty to make, was striking and masterly. By the side of this overwrought concerto, the orchestral *entr'acte* in B flat from Schubert's music to *Rosamunde* (for which we are exclusively indebted to the Crystal Palace)—a theme with variations, which the composer has employed with certain modifications in a pianoforte impromptu and a string quartet—sounded like music no less inspired than it was simple and unpretending. Nothing could surpass the delicacy with which certain passages were given by the wind instruments. We may mention here, by the way, that the name of the new first oboe, of whom we spoke in terms of encouragement some time since, is Dubruck. He is a Belgian.

The feature of this concert was Haydn's glorious Symphony in B flat, No 9, according to the published editions, of the renowned set of "Twelve," composed for Salomon's Hanover Square Room Concerts, from 1791, the year of Mozart's death, to 1794, when Haydn came as Mozart's substitute to London. Each movement of this symphony is, in its way, a masterpiece; but the greatest masterpiece of the four is unquestionably the *finale*, one of those "prestos" in the conception and conduct of which Haydn stood alone in his generation, furnishing no end of suggestions for those who came after him—Beethoven himself, the most original and independent of all composers, not excepted. The execution of this symphony, approaching, so well as we can remember, much nearer to the desired ordeal than anything ever before heard in this country—conferred the highest possible credit on Mr. Manns and the orchestra which works so zealously and successfully under his direction. It was received by the audience with every mark of enthusiasm—and no wonder. Still more of Haydn would be acceptable at these concerts, if only because the relief from that stretch of undivided attention indispensable to the proper appreciation of any of the great symphonies of Beethoven is occasionally to be wished for. Haydn, with all his genius and exhaustless invention, was a man more or less like other men; but this cannot be said of Beethoven, who, as a musician, stood wholly apart. Here was a third concert without a single piece from Beethoven's pen, and yet it was thoroughly enjoyable, even at a time when Beethoven stands pre-eminent, and with just reason, in the minds of musical judges.

The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Santley. The lady gave—first, "Angels ever bright and fair," from *Theodora*, Handel's last oratorio but one (*The Triumph of Time and Truth* being merely a *pasticcio*) of which he himself was very proud, but which other people in his time were slower to appreciate; and, secondly, as if to make the most striking con-

trast possible, the "Shadow Song" from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Mr. Santley gave the well-known *scena* from Hérold's *Zampa*, and a characteristic new composition by Signor Arditi, entitled "What shall I sing?" The lady and gentleman united their voices in the duet between Papagena and Papageno from the last act of *Il Flauto Magico*. In a word, the vocal music was all that could be wished.

At the next concert, besides the great symphony of Spohr—which even "G." persists in calling the "Power of Sound" (which has no meaning), instead of the "Consecration of Sound" (which was Spohr's meaning)—and the overtures to *King Stephen* (Beethoven), and *Euryanthe* (Weber), we are promised two movements from a manuscript symphony by Mr. H. Gadsby, one of the best and most promising of our young English composers. The singers are to be Madame Cora de Wilhorst (*débutante*) and Mr. Sims Reeves.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

A performance of *Samson* must necessarily be interesting to every admirer of Handel, for the sufficient reason that the oratorio contains some of the great master's noblest music. This work, it should be remembered, is a product of the wonderful year (1741) in Handel's life which saw the creation of his *Messiah*. Indeed, *Samson* may be regarded as springing from the same inspiring force as the "sacred oratorio." Not even the composition of the latter in twenty-three days exhausted Handel's energies; and, resting but eight days, he began and finished *Samson* within five weeks. These are achievements hardly to be understood—entirely to be wondered at; but we do not mention them so much to produce astonishment as to show how both oratorios are the result of an excitement which could not spend all its strength upon one. Even in subsidence, that exaltation of every faculty which gave us the *Messiah* was bound to work out great results; and, if *Samson* be not equal to its twin oratorio, it is, at all events, worthy such a close relationship. This becomes the more remarkable when we consider that, in passing from the purely scriptural compilation of Charles Jennens to the cumbrous *libretto* of Newburgh Hamilton, Handel was placed at an immense disadvantage. True there is much of Milton in *Samson*, but there is also much of Hamilton, whose poor and wire-drawn verses tried the composer sorely before he made up his mind, as he did, to reject no small proportion of them. Nevertheless, that the theme was one with which Handel keenly sympathized the character of his music proves. Choruses like "O first created beam," "Hear Jacob's God," and "Fixed in his everlasting seat," come from the heart as well as the head; while in such airs as "Total eclipse," "Return, O God of Hosts," and, "How willing, my paternal love," the master wrote, not for an age alone, but for all time, because throughout all time his strains must awaken a responsive echo in the human breast. Looking at the grandeur and beauty of *Samson*, it is matter for congratulation that the Sacred Harmonic Society rarely fail to include the work in their annual scheme. The result was apparent on Friday night week, when Exeter Hall was crowded by an audience who enjoyed a good performance with the utmost relish, and left no doubt as to the favour in which *Samson* is held by those to whom its worth is known.

The version used at Exeter Hall has, at least, two important recommendations. In the first place, the "cuts" are made with excellent discretion. Cutting, we need hardly say, becomes inevitable when an oratorio, given in its entirety, lasts for five hours; but it is easy to use the knife so as to lop off what should be retained, and retain what should be lopped off. The instrument has been wielded in a different fashion at Exeter Hall—a fashion so different that to point out among the excluded numbers one more important than any of those preserved is barely possible. Furthermore, "honour to whom honour is due." By Sir Michael Costa's additional accompaniments to *Samson* nothing but praise is deserved. Exercising a self-restraint that should be properly appreciated, Sir Michael has sparingly used the "brass," with what effect we need not state, while his additions to the instrumentation generally are seldom obtrusive, always clever, and often masterly in a high degree. A few more such examples of "filling in," and the process will both enjoy and deserve greater favour than at present.

Thus, admirably adapted for public performance, it is not astonishing that *Samson* always succeeds at Exeter Hall, especially when the airs are given, as on Friday week, to artists of efficiency like Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Santley, all of whom did their best, with results of which, on the whole, nobody present could complain. Miss Wynne, intelligent and pleasing, as usual, was favourably heard in "Ye men of Gaza," and in the character of Dalila; nor will she be less successful eventually with "Let the bright Seraphim," the trumpet *obbligato* of which was played—how we need not state—by Mr. T. Harper. "Return, O God of Hosts," and its less worthy companion, "The Holy One of Israel be thy guide," were sung by Madame Patey so as to increase the effects of a beautiful voice by artistic skill and feeling. In the first-named especially, as in the solo episodes of "To dust his glory they would tread," Madame Patey well vindicated her claim to be among our foremost exponents of sacred music. The important part of *Samson* was taken by Mr. Vernon Rigby in a manner suggesting much care and thought, though leaving scope for still further advance. If, on the one hand, Mr. Rigby did not get all that was possible out of "Total eclipse," and left somewhat to desire in a few of the recitatives, he attacked with immense spirit the very trying air, "Why doth the God of Israel sleep?" was wholly successful in his share of "Go, baffled coward;" and rendered the beautiful melody of "Thus when the sun" with appropriate feeling. A result in this degree favourable may well be satisfactory, remembering what kind of work Handel has given his hero to do. The Harappa of Mr. Lewis Thomas proved in all respects excellent; and whether it was the recitatives of the Philistine champion, the noble "Honour and arms," or the equally fine, though less popular "Presuming slave," the audience were satisfied by means the most legitimate. Mr. Thomas has rarely sung more thoroughly well. Mr. Santley's Mancah, like good wine, "needs no bush." The two very different airs given to the Hebrew patriarch were each rendered to perfection—the delivery of "How willing my paternal love" being, indeed, a masterpiece of vocal art. To this number fell the only encore of the evening, and few will venture to say that the preference was undeserved.

Most of the choruses were effective, the most effective of all being those embodying the Israelites' prayer for divine assistance, and their assertion of Jehovah's supremacy against the worshippers of Dagon. These, and not these alone, were given in a manner worthy the society's reputation and the character of the work in hand. Sir Michael Costa conducted with his usual alertness and decision; M. Sington led the orchestra; and the prominent organ part was well played by Mr. James Coward. We should add that the recitative of the "Israelitish Messenger," found an energetic exponent in Mr. Raynham.

We are pleased to observe that at the society's next concert, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* is to be given.

STUTTGART.—Herr Abert dedicated his "tone-picture," *Columbus*, to the King of Bavaria. The King has conferred on him, in return, the Knight's Cross of the Order of St. Michael.

COLOGNE.—Fifth Gurzenich Concert: Prelude to the *Meistersinger*, Herr. R. Wagner; Pianoforte Concerto, Schumann (played by Madame Clara Schumann); "Beim Sonnen-Untergang," Gade; Solos for Piano, Chopin, Bennett, and Mendelssohn; "Credo" and "Agnus Dei," from the *Coronation Mass*, Cherubini; and Symphony by Herr Dietrich, who conducted in person.

VIENNA.—Herr von Weber, the composer's son, has informed Herr Herbeck, the new director of the Imperial Operahouse, that he possesses two hitherto unknown operettas by his father, and that he is willing to have them produced. They are entitled respectively: *Ab Hassan* and *Peter Schmül*. Herr Herbeck has already tried the overture to the former at different concerts, where it has always proved very successful.—Herr Taglioni from Berlin is at present here, to superintend the production of his choreographic poem, *Fantaska*, at the Imperial Operahouse.—Herr J. Strauss's operetta, *Fierzig Räuber*, will be produced almost immediately at the Theater an der Wien.

BREAKFAST.—**EPPS'S COCOA.**—**GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.**—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epp's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

[Feb. 11, 1871.]

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SIXTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 11TH, 1871,

To Commence at Three o'Clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in D minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. SIVORT, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI .. .	Mozart.
SONG, "Ah! rendimi quel core"—Miss ENRIQUEZ .. .	Rossi.
SONATA APPASSIONATA, Op. 57, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SZARVADY (WILHELMINA CLAUSSEN) .. .	Beethoven.
ROMANCE, in G, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Signor SIVORT .. .	Beethoven.
SONGS, "The Question" { "Whither" } —Miss ENRIQUEZ .. .	Schubert.
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 66, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SZARVADY, Signor SIVORT, and Signor PIATTI .. .	Mendelssohn.
Conductor .. .	Mr. BENEDICT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**THIRTEENTH SEASON.**THE SEVENTEENTH CONCERT WILL TAKE PLACE
ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1871.

To Commence at Eight O'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.	
QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .	Mendelssohn.
SONG, "Che farò senza Euridice"—Miss ENRIQUEZ .. .	Gluck.
ANDANTE and VARIATIONS, in E flat, Op. 82, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .	Mendelssohn.
PART II.	
CHACONNE, for Violin alone—Herr JOACHIM .. .	Bach.
SONG, "Adina"—Miss ENRIQUEZ .. .	Schubert.
QUINTET, in A major, Op. 114, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, and Contrabass—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, STRAUSS, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .	Schubert.
Conductor .. .	Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Olliver, 19, Old Bond Street; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1871.

MUSIC IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

EVERY man has his hobby, and, sooner or later, there comes a time when he can get astride it and caper in the sight of men, very much to his own satisfaction. Just now, educational hobbies are rampant; rivalling in number and sprightliness those ridden by the worthy folk who

fancy they have a mission to protect us all against Bismarck, Moltke, & Co. For long years the Educational hobby tenanted the lumber-room; being no more in vogue than Christmas pudding at midsummer, or, at all events, not sufficiently noticed by the world at large to gratify the taste of its would-be rider. But now a change has come. Education is a fashionable topic, and educational parliaments have been elected all the country over, with a mission to talk out some scheme for converting Ginx's Baby into an Admirable Crichton. What a furbishing up of hobbies is now going on by consequence!—Everywhere the lumber-room dust is disturbed; there is "mounting in hot haste," and such carolling down the pages of newspapers, pamphlets, and magazines, as never was seen before. Some good may come of it, no doubt, but we all should keep a sharp eye upon both steeds and riders. A man with a hobby generally thinks of nothing else, and is apt to fancy it the one heaven-sent means of chasing away all disorders; whereas others may see in it but the least among a hundred panaceas.

Certain well-meaning and estimable gentlemen have lately ridden their hobbies into the council chamber of National Education, and showed Mr. Forster the paces of drill and music. They want every boy to be taught the goose step, and every girl, as well as every boy, to know something of the "divine art." Far be it from us to undervalue either acquisition. We should like to see our English youth made fit for soldier's work in all that regards "setting up," and even more would it give us pleasure were they well equipped with that "whole armour" of music which is such a safeguard against debasing things. But these matters must be considered not by themselves alone, so much as in connection with others. Concerning drill it is not our province to speak; and in referring to music we must be understood as simply desiring to caution the sanguine against expectations which cannot end in other than disappointment.

Taking the longest period it is possible to ordain, the time for completing education in primary schools is too short even if we restrict that education to the essential "three R's," and say nothing about the much-contested religious training. A child spends five, or at most, six hours a-day under the master's eye—during which time, let us remember, everything has to be done; for home exercises are on no account to be depended upon. Let any practical man ask himself how many hours out of thirty per week, can be spared for non-essentials, and he will not indulge very high-flown expectations of music as a branch of State education. There is yet another difficulty. With all modern means and appliances, we have not yet engineered a royal road to the art. The way is still long and difficult: at any rate for those who would go far enough to get much profit by the journey. It follows that music, if seriously taught in elementary schools, could only result in a smattering of little or no practical value; the very insufficiency of which would be a temptation to future neglect. Of course, all this is matter for regret, but we should look at things as they are, and not create around us a fool's paradise. The scientific study of music in elementary schools must, therefore, be dismissed for the present as a dream; and all that can be done in a practical way, is to utilize the cheerful and refining influences of song, as a help to, because a relaxation from, necessary work. Children love to sing, and on all accounts let them; but just now they have business in hand more important than the practice of solfeggi. By-and-by, when past neglect

has been made up for, we may add music to the State curriculum. In the first instance, Ginx's Baby needs a good washing.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, directed by Mr. John Boosey, are now far advanced in their fifth season. It was rightly judged that in such a place as London there must be an audience for the kind of music which forms the staple attraction of these entertainments. If we may be allowed to express an opinion, we should say that a somewhat larger admixture of those genuine old ballads which have outlived their day and become household words among us would tend in a degree to improve the programmes. Not by any means that we would desire to exclude our modern composers of ballads. On the contrary, it is well that the public should be informed of the productiveness of the actual time in a department of song which has for so long been "national" among us. We may no more be able to boast of ballad composers like Dibdin, Shield, Bishop, C. Horn, Alexander Lee, and others; but since their period it must not be forgotten that such men as John Barnett, E. J. Loder, Henry Smart, J. L. Hatton, Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren, &c., have added materially to our rich stores. And now Mr. Boosey brings forward several new aspirants, among whom it must be allowed that some three or four have indisputably shown the English ballad school to be still possessed of not unworthy representatives. Among them we do not mean to include Mr. A. S. Sullivan, who, though he has given us many beautiful songs, is rather a disciple of Schubert than an emulator of the old English writers. At the last concert (the fifth of the series), the programme of which may be taken as a fair average specimen, this gentleman's very graceful song, "Looking back," was sung in her best manner by Madame Patey, now our leading contralto. The same lady, besides other things, gave, "John Anderson, my Jo," thus proving herself equally at home in the old and new schools. And here we may as well state that under the general category of "English ballads" we include Irish, Scotch, and Welsh. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, by selecting "Robin Redbreast," "The Linden Waltz," "Clochette," and "Thady O'Flynn," stood forward as exclusively the champion of modern writers, of whom the late "Claribel," author of the first, and Mr. Molloy, author of the third and fourth, are among the most successful. Each ballad was listened to with eager interest. Not less acceptable was Horn's beautiful canzonet, "Through the wood" (to which Malibran herself used to be so partial), confided to Miss Edith Wynne, who created even a deeper impression in "I wish I didn't love him," a new ballad by "Louisa Gray." To Mlle. Enriquez was allotted "Cherry ripe," which the admirers of Charles Horn's music must admit to be one of his most genial inspirations, together with "She came like a dream" (Virginia Gabriel) and "Maggie's Secret" ("Claribel")—both happily well known.

Mr. Vernon Rigby, who was to have sung Herr Blumenthal's always welcome "Message" and other popular pieces, was prevented from appearing by indisposition. Thus the only gentleman singer on the occasion was Mr. Santley—a host in himself, however, as the applause bestowed upon every one of his efforts sufficiently demonstrated. Mr. Santley mingled the foreign element with this "English Ballad Concert," introducing a song by an Italian, Signor Ardit's "Stirrup Cup," and another by a Pole—the "Yeoman's Wedding" of Prince Poniatowski. About the first we can say nothing not already familiar to our musical readers; about the second we are glad to be able to speak in favourable terms. It has both spirit and character. Mr. Santley's purely English contributions were J. L. Hatton's "Wreck of the Hesperus," and a lively and pretty new song called "The King and I," to Dr. Charles Mackay's poetry, composed by the lady who adopts the *nom de plume* of "Henriette"—which last was one of the features of the evening. Other vocal pieces were in the programme; but in such a concert it is impossible to hear everything. The accompanists at the pianoforte were Mr. J. L. Hatton, the Chevalier Lemmens, and a young lady whose name did not "transpire."

To afford a little variety, Mr. Boosey always provides at least a couple of instrumental solos at his concerts. On the occasion

under notice there were three—one for the violoncello and two for the piano. The violoncellist was M. Auguste van Biene, who, in a fantasia by the late Servais, upon themes from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, displayed more than ordinary skill. The pianist was Miss Linda Scates, one of the most rising pupils of our Royal Academy of Music. Miss Scates chose for her first piece Wollenhaupt's *Scherzo brillante*, which she played with the utmost fluency and thoroughly legitimate effect, substituting, in response to a loud and general encore, another piece. Remembering how well she played the first movement of Schumann's concerto some time since, at a concert for the exhibition of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, we prefer hearing Miss Scates in music of a different kind; but it is none the less to her credit that she can excel both in the classical and "modern brilliant" schools. She has only to persevere and prosper.

The last of the regular series of these concerts was given in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, to an audience which crowded every part of the building, a large number of intending listeners being refused admittance for the simple reason that standing room could not be found for them. Success like this need not create any surprise when it is remembered that the programmes of Mr. Boosey's concerts are judiciously varied, and the performers the best procurable. Madame Sherrington gave, in that style which has made her so popular with ballad-lovers, "The Linden Waltz" (Hamilton Aïde), a new song by Molloy, "Eily's Reason"; and "Love was once a Little Boy," for the last of which, being encored, she substituted the ever-welcome "Thady O'Flynn." Miss Wynne obtained encores for her admirable rendering of "The Mother and her Child" (Crouch), and "Bid me discourse" (Bishop), the same success attending Madame Patey in Lillie's "Good Night" (Miss Philp). "My own true Love" (Molloy), and "The Storm" (Hullah), were capitally sung by Miss Enriquez, and the latter encored. Mr. Reeves introduced a new candidate for popular favour in "Those dear, bright eyes" (Reylöff), which, besides possessing considerable merit, was so perfectly rendered as to win an enthusiastic encore. Mr. Reeves also sang "I'm in love" (F. Clay), and, with Mr. Santley, Braham's duet, "All's Well," the superb rendering of which created a marked effect. Prince Poniatowski's new song, "The Yeoman's Wedding," was again sung by Mr. Santley, with a result even more successful, if possible, than before. He also gave "The Bellringer" (Wallace), and "The Vagabond," both, it is hardly necessary to add, being redemanded. Mr. Fielding's glee party did good service, as on previous occasions. Mr. Brinley Richards was the solo pianist, and played his own "Men of Harlech" and "Sicilian Vespers," much to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Hatton, with one or two assistants, accompanied the songs.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

A short time since, we published a letter from Beethoven to Matthison, who wrote the words of "Adelaide." To-day, we publish one addressed to an intimate friend of Beethoven's, the pastor Amenda, in Milan. The original is now in the collection of autographs of the Courland Museum in that city, and is dated from Vienna, the 12th April, 1815. It runs as follows:—"My dear, good, Amenda, the bearer of this, your friend, Count Keyserling, paid me a visit, and awoke within me the remembrance of you, that you were happy and had children. Neither of these facts is the case with me. It would take too long to talk about it, another time, when you again write to me, more on this head. With your patriarchal simplicity you come into my head a 1000 times, and how often have I wished to have men like you round me—but, whether for my benefit or that of others, Fate refuses to fulfil my wishes in this respect, I can say that I live nearly alone in this town, the largest in Germany, as I am compelled to live almost alienated from all the persons, whom I love or could love.—On what kind of footing is music with you? Have you already heard of my great works?—great do I say—compared with the works of the All-Highest everything is small—farewell, my dear good A. Think sometimes of your friend, Ludwig v. Beethoven. P.S. When you write again, don't want any further address than my name."

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

We like this title, as comprehending the "Mondays" and "Saturdays" at St. James's Hall—it saves space, and is eminently true.

The programme of Saturday last began with Schubert's thoroughly well-known and ever-welcome octet, played by Messrs. Sainton, Ries, Straus, Lazarus, Handley, Haverton, Reynolds, and Piatti. What need to discuss its beauties, or to enlarge upon their exposition by artists so skilled? A word, however, with regard to Mr. Sainton, whom one does not often see on these occasions. The excellent French violinist had a hearty welcome, and—deserved it. After Madlle. Löwe and Herr Stockhausen had well sung Handel's chamber duet, "Tacet, ohime, tacete," Madame Schumann came forward to play, for the first time at these concerts, Chopin's *Barcarolle* (Op. 60), a work of singular originality and interest. The Polish musician wrote only one *barcarolle*, but his reticence can hardly be attributed to non-success, as the unanimous encore awarded on Saturday convincingly proved. Madame Schumann was extremely well received, and Chopin lost nothing at her hands. Mendelssohn's sonata in D major (Op. 58) next combined the talents of Madame Schumann and Piatti, with what result those who know the artists and the work need no telling. It admirably illustrated that phase of the "fitness of things" which shows a nice adjustment of means to ends. Schubert's "Who is Sylvia," and "Hark! the lark," were sung by Herr Stockhausen in the finished manner usual with him (Mr. Benedict accompanying to perfection); and then Messrs. Sainton, Ries, Straus, and Piatti gave the fragments of Mendelssohn's unfinished quartet, which have, on former occasions, met with such unqualified approbation. Admirably played, these two, so different, yet equally beautiful movements, excited a degree of pleasure which amply repaid those who remained to the end of the concert.

The concert on Monday was noteworthy for several reasons. Not only was the programme unusually good, but there were features in it which endowed it with a special attraction. Foremost among these were some pianoforte pieces by Schumann, interesting in themselves on account of their marked individuality, and doubly interesting on account of the manner in which they were interpreted by Schumann's widow. To judge Madame Schumann as she ought properly to be judged she must be heard in the music of her late husband. This she plays with an enthusiasm which never fails to impart itself to her hearers. She plays it, too, in almost every instance unaided by the book. The pieces selected by Madame Schumann were "In der Nacht," one of the so-called *Phantasiestücke*, and the well-known *Arabesque* in C, perhaps the most generally popular of its composer's minor pieces. How these were given we need hardly say. Enough that Madame Schumann never gave them with more untiring energy and seemingly impulsive earnestness. Called back to the platform after the *Arabesque*, she resumed her seat at the pianoforte, and played another of the *Phantasiestücke* (No. 7), with a similar result.

A welcome incident of this concert was the re-appearance of M. Sainton, who has very rarely been heard to greater advantage than in Mendelssohn's A minor quartet, Op. 13, one of those early efforts most powerfully revealing the influence exercised over the young composer's mind by certain of the later works of Beethoven. Abraham Mendelssohn, the father, professed not to understand this quartet; but Felix Mendelssohn, the son, loved it, and declares as much emphatically in one of his letters, addressed from Paris home (1832), when his cherished work was about to be performed by the famous violinist, Baillot, and others at the Conservatoire. We doubt whether Baillot could have led the quartet with more vigour, or given expression to it throughout with greater intelligence, than M. Sainton, a veritable Baillot of our time. The great French violinist exhibited a quiet mastery, leaving nothing to desire, and was admirably supported by Herr L. Ries (second violin), Herr Straus (viola), and, last not least, Signor Piatti (violoncello). Every movement was applauded, the quaint *scherzo*, with its light and fanciful trio, being encored (though not repeated), and the players unanimously summoned forward after the *finale*. The other quartet was the D minor of Schubert, one of his lengthiest and most ambitious compositions for the chamber, the style of which is for

the greater part so serious that placing it at the end of a long programme deprives it of half the chance of appreciation it would otherwise enjoy. At the beginning of the concert it would have created twice the impression—as has been proved on more than one occasion. Those, however, and, happily, they were not a few, who remained to the end, had good reason to be satisfied. The quartet was in every particular finely rendered.

The last instrumental piece to be mentioned was Mozart's bright and brilliant sonata in A, for violin and pianoforte, composed at a period when the great musician's genius was at the prime of its vigour—in 1787, the year of *Don Giovanni* and other works which are imperishable. The execution of this sonata, by Madame Schumann and M. Sainton, was all that could be wished; the slow movement, expressive without the slightest hint of exaggerated sentiment, and the final *presto*, spirited from one end to the other, each created its wonted impression, and the two artists were "recalled" at the conclusion.

The singer was Herr Stockhausen, whose last appearance it was for the season. The audience, mindful of the valuable services this gentleman has rendered, welcomed him heartily, and applauded everything he sang. The "Nachtstück" of Schubert is only to be attempted by an artist of the very highest class; and in his impressive delivery of this impressive piece as well as of the eloquently heartfelt "Mein," from the *Schöne Müllerin* of the same inexhaustible composer, Herr Stockhausen proved his indisputable claim to be thus considered. In response to a hearty and spontaneous encore for "Mein," Herr Stockhausen gave the opening song from the same universally admired series. He also introduced "Du bist wie eine Blume"—not, perhaps, one of the most striking of Schumann's many vocal *Lieder*. In each of these Herr Stockhausen was extremely well accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Zerbini.

At the concert on Monday next Herr Joachim will make his first appearance for the season. He is to lead Mendelssohn's string quartet in B flat (always interesting, if only because it was the first piece performed at the first Monday Popular Concert—on February 14, 1859, since which no less than 370 concerts have been given), and to play J. S. Bach's *Chaconne*, for violin alone.

CONCERTS VARIOUS

MR. AGUILAR'S performance of pianoforte music, on February 2nd consisted of the following compositions:—

Sonata in E flat (Op. 7), Beethoven; Cheristana (a dramatic and romantic piece), Aguilar; Capriccio in E (Op. 33, No. 2), Mendelssohn; Nocturne in E flat and Waltz in A flat (Op. 34, No. 1), Chopin; Sonata in G, Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn; The Blue Bells (transcription), Aguilar; Sunsetglow (Rêverie), Aguilar; Day Dream, and March of the 99th, Aguilar.

SOME two thousand of the inhabitants of the New Cut and neighbourhood assembled in the Lambeth Baths, on Monday evening week, to hear "a Grand Concert," given by the Borough Tonic Sol-fa Society under the leadership of Mr. J. Hooper, assisted by a few professional friends. The choruses were remarkably well rendered, "The Hunt's Up," and others eliciting encores; Mr. Frank Percival sang three times, and was encored each time. Miss Thompson also sang "Eve's Lamentation," and "Where the Bee Sucks," receiving a recall for the latter, and substituting "Isle of beauty." Mr. Woodfield and Mr. Burnham also sang, and were encored. Miss Hedges presided at the piano, and admirably assisted the vocalists. On the motion of the Rev. G. M. Murphy who presided, a vote of thanks to Mr. Hooper, the soloists, instrumentalists, and the choir was carried by acclamation.

Excelsior.

A child was at play upon the field. A star rose over the hill-top. The child gazed at it with longing eyes—"How beautiful!" he exclaims. "It is just on the hill-top; I will run and catch it." With eager delight he started in pursuit, and climbed the hill before him,—but the star was not there! It now appeared to rest on the mountain-top beyond. Nothing disheartened the child pressed on over fields of roses, and through hedges of thorns. At length he gained the mountain-top. But the star was not there. It seemed further off than at first. It no longer rested upon the mountain; it was climbing the distant heavens. The child had become a man. The object of his pursuit had not been gained.—It had receded as he advanced; but his course had been onward and upward.

PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—The *Daily Herald* says:—

"We have much pleasure in recording the unqualified success of the recital of *Norma* as an Opera Concert on Saturday evening, a success indeed seldom witnessed in Glasgow. The City Hall was literally packed to overflowing. Every available seat was occupied, whilst many were contented with standing room during the whole evening. The performance evidently gave great pleasure to the vast audience, as a close attention, repeated encores, and unstinted applause amply testified. The directors of the Abstainers' Union deserve great credit for their enterprise in opening up a new and rich field of enjoyment—one which if properly cultivated will lead us into fresh stores of grand music which otherwise we could have little chance of hearing. The cheering result of Saturday evening's venture may lead us to anticipate performances of such masterpieces as Cherubini's *Medea*, Gluck's *Orfeo*, *Iphigenia* and *Alceste*. If this society chooses to follow up the success of Saturday by giving the class of works indicated, it will be entitled to claim for itself the first position in musical affairs in Scotland."

LEEDS.—The Amateur Vocal Association held its annual *soirée* in the Town Hall last week, and on no former occasion, says the *Mercury*, has greater success attended these highly pleasing entertainments. The band of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, under the leadership of Mr. J. Sidney Jones, assisted in the various performances. Mendelssohn's Cantata, *O Sons of Art*, was the most striking composition undertaken by the chorus. The "Kreutzer" Sonata, played by Mr. Jones and Mr. Dodds, met with warm approval, and several overtures were effectively given by the band. Mr. Dodds conducted the vocal music.

PLYMOUTH.—The *Western Daily Mercury* says:—

"A concert was given in the Assembly Rooms by Mr. T. E. Weekes and family in aid of the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, and the Plymouth Mendicity Society. The programme was well selected and the artists fully maintained the reputation they have acquired in their native town. The concert was patronized by the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, and at the close Sir Massey Lopes tendered in name of himself and all present their best thanks to Mr. Weekes and his family. Mr. H. Brown seconded the motion, and Mr. Weekes responded that he and his family were always happy to be able to assist two such valuable institutions."

NOTTINGHAM.—The third "Monday Popular Concert" given at the Mechanic's Institute was not so well attended as the merits of the programme deserved. Bad weather, no doubt, was the cause of absence of numerous amateurs. A local journal speaks well of a new septet for pianoforte, two violins, viola, violoncello, flute, and contrabass, the composition of Mr. John Farmer, jun., played by the composer, Mr. Henry Farmer, Messrs. Leverton, Myers, Selby, Webster, and John Farmer. Mr. Wilford Morgan was the vocalist, and the same journal remarks that he sang an expressive love ditty by Mozart ("The very Angels weep, dear") chastely and well, and was successful in Molique's charming serenade, "When the moon is brightly shining."

EDINBURGH.—An evening concert was given in the Music Hall last week, in aid of the Railway Guards' Benefit Fund, with the assistance of Madame Vaneri, Miss Jessie Blair, Mr. Elliot Galer, Mr. D. Smyth, and Mr. Emile Berger. The *Daily Review* says all the vocalists acquitted themselves satisfactorily, and that "Mr. Emile Berger gave two of his pianoforte compositions in excellent style; indeed, his playing was one of the most acceptable features in the programme." On the whole, the concert went off capitally and was well patronised.

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

At a general meeting of this society held at Exeter Hall the following resolution was unanimously agreed to:—

"That this meeting congratulates Mr. G. W. Martin upon the fact of his carrying on at his own cost and sole management so great a society for eleven years, and this meeting pledges itself to support him with all its zeal in his future career as one of the great musical educators of the day."

It appears that from the time the society started to the present day, no less than one hundred oratorio performances have been given, including two entirely new works, besides two concerts—one of the *Messiah* and the other part-songs and choral marches given free of charge to three thousand soldiers quartered in London; the number of persons attending the performances being upwards of two hundred thousand. Upwards of twenty thousand pounds have been expended in promoting a taste for this high class music. Mr. Martin has always encouraged new singers, and many of the most popular artists were first taken in hand and introduced to the public by him.

OUR (SOUTH KENSINGTON) TEACHERS.

The wonderful Committee, whose names we put in a frame the other week, are working on with as much vigour as though they were likely to do any good. In connection with the six concerts at the big circus out west, a guarantee fund of £2,418 is announced, and actually 308 tickets have been taken. Some further arrangements are thus reported in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*:—

The Musical Education Committee met on Monday, the 21st January. Present: Lord Gerald Fitzgerald in the chair, Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., the Hon. Seymour Egerton, Sir John Harrington, Bart., Mr. Samuel Redgrave, Lieut.-Col. Scott, R.E., and Mr. Seymour Teulon.

The Committee took into consideration the arrangements for the Society's Concerts in the Royal Albert Hall; and with reference to the accommodation which would be available for the audience, they were informed that the Executive Committee of the Hall intended that only such numbers should be admitted as would enable every person to be seated with great comfort, and to enter and leave without any crushing. It was thereupon resolved:—

"That the prices to be charged to the public for admission to reserved seats at the concerts should be as follows:—

Arena, for one concert	£0 7 0
Or subscription for the six concerts	2 2 0
Balcony, for one concert	0 7 0
Or subscription for the six concerts	3 0 0
Amphitheatre, for one concert	0 10 6
Or subscription for the six concerts	3 0 0
A box holding five persons for one concert	3 0 0
Or for the six concerts	15 15 0

"In letting, preference to be given to a subscription for the six concerts.

"Members of the Society of Arts will have the privilege of subscribing for a set of six tickets (transferable), admitting the bearer to a reserved seat, at each of the six concerts, as follows:—

The Arena	£1 1 0
The Balcony	1 1 0
Amphitheatre	2 2 0
Box holding five	10 10 0
Ditto, for one concert if vacant	1 15 0."

It was also resolved—

"That all subscriptions must be paid in advance for reserved seats, and that after the 15th of March the special privilege of members, of obtaining tickets at the reduced price, should not be continued."

It was further resolved—

"That a sub-committee be appointed to confer and arrange with Sir Michael Costa the programmes of the music."

BENEVOLENT FUND OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of governors was held in Exeter Hall. The chair was taken by the treasurer, Mr. Daniel Hill; who was supported by Messrs. Husk, Durlacher, Sims, Black, Doggett, Cunner, and other gentlemen well known in amateur musical circles. Mr. Pattick, the honorary secretary, read a report, from which it appeared that the charity had steadily pursued its course of unstinted benevolence during the past year; that the receipts had amounted to £201 1s 7d., of which £145 had been expended in relief; after defraying incidental charges for printing, &c., a balance of £14 remained in the hands of the treasurer. The report expressed in graceful terms a well-merited tribute of respect for the memory of three deceased supporters of the Fund—Mr. J. N. Harrison, late President, and Messrs. R. K. Bowley and Thomas Brewer—to whom not only the Benevolent Fund, but the musical public, will long remain deeply indebted.

THE UNITED LAND COMPANY (LIMITED).—The annual meeting of the shareholders took place on Wednesday at the Norfolk Street Office; Viscount Ranelagh in the chair. There were also present Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart., M.P., the Hon. Robert Bourke, M.P., Colonel Brownlow Knox, Colonel Jervis, M.P., Colonel Meyrick, Mr. Newcomen, Mr. Strode, and Mr. Winstanley (directors), and a large number of shareholders. The report stated that the sale of land had amounted to £39,176 1s. in various counties, that the whole of the preliminary expenses were now paid off, that a contingency fund of £1,000 had been created, and a considerable balance taken forward to next year's account. The dividend declared was 5 per cent. for the year, and a bonus of 3 per cent., making a total dividend for the year ending 31st December, 1870, of 8 per cent. The retiring directors, Sir L. Palk, Bart., M.P., Hon. R. Bourke, M.P., and Colonel Brownlow Knox were unanimously re-elected, as also the retiring auditors, Messrs. Johnstone, Cooper, Wintle, and Evans. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to the directors, auditors, secretary, and other officers of the company.

[Feb. 11, 1871.]

THE LATE T. W. ROBERTSON.

We extract the following notice of the late regretted dramatist, from our contemporary the *Daily Telegraph*:-

Although the long and severe illness which had for sometime past excited the gravest apprehensions must have prepared Mr. Robertson's immediate friends to hear at any moment of a fatal issue to his malady, the melancholy announcement we had regrettably to make on Saturday morning caused a general feeling of painful surprise. In the prime of manhood, it was fondly hoped that Mr. Robertson would successfully combat the disorder which had assailed his constitution, and that he would yet be spared some years to brighten the social circle by his presence, and to increase the distinctive reputation he had already gained. Unhappily alike for those who prized his friendship and who enjoyed the fruitful product of his literary labours, these sanguine anticipations were not destined to be realized. About three weeks since Mr. Robertson returned home from Torquay with a frame visibly enfeebled by the journey he had undertaken for the benefit of his health; and on Friday evening he peacefully surrendered his last breath in the presence of his family, at his house, Eton Road, Haverstock Hill. The loss sustained by his relatives and friends will be fully shared by the public, who have been indebted to him for a series of fresh and sparkling comedies, which opened a new source of dramatic enjoyment, and which promised to lead to still more valuable results. In the short space of five years Mr. Robertson had achieved a most distinguished position as a dramatist, and there seemed in store for him a long enjoyment of its emoluments. For the Prince of Wales's Theatre, with which his successes had been so peculiarly identified, he had promised a new comedy, which there is good reason to believe would have fully justified the sanguine expectations cherished by the management; and other works were in contemplation on which he had resolved to expend his utmost powers. At a time when these powers were at their maturity, and his prospects were at the brightest, the brilliant writer, the witty conversationalist, the staunch friend, and the affectionate husband has been snatched away from our midst. There can be no question, brief though has been the career of the dramatist, that Mr. Robertson has exercised a strong influence over our dramatic literature, and has left an enduring mark upon the stage. In his graphic pictures of existing society, in his pleasant cynicism, his poetical love passages, and in the chivalrous sentiments vindicating the honour of modern knighthood, he has shown that the theatre can do more than reproduce worn-out types, and that something better than oft-echoed platitudes may be heard within its walls. In the fresh track that he took, already may be found the footsteps of followers; but it must not be forgotten that Mr. Robertson was the first to venture out of the beaten path. By the clearance he effected of the old conventionalities which had overspread the stage, he has let in an amount of light and air which has since enabled the play-going public to breathe a much purer atmosphere; and if for no greater service than this the claims of the departed dramatist to a grateful remembrance will not be lightly estimated.

Born at Newark-upon-Trent, in Nottinghamshire, on the 9th of January, 1829, Mr. Thomas William Robertson had just completed his forty-second year. Of entirely theatrical parentage—for both his father and grandfather had been lessees of provincial circuits—his first acquaintance with the stage began at a very early period. Educated at Spalding, in Lincolnshire, and afterwards in Holland, he greatly improved the opportunities thus afforded him, and laid the basis of an extensive knowledge of English and foreign literature, which he afterwards turned to excellent account. His earliest contribution to the stage was a two-act drama, entitled *A Night's Adventure; or, Highways and Byways*, brought out at the Olympic Theatre, August 25, 1851, when the late Mr. William Farren was lessee. The piece—which turned upon an imaginary incident of Claude du Val politely robbing the Lord Chief Justice, and then assuming the character of Count Chambord, an agent to Charles Edward, mixed up in a Pretender plot—was by no means remarkable for either construction or literary merit, and it was only repeated a few nights. A more fortunate venture was a slight farce called *The Cantab* produced at the Strand Theatre, February 15th, 1861. It was not, however, until his adroit adaptation known as *David Garrick* achieved, with Mr. Sothern as the hero, such a notable success at the Haymarket in 1864 that the name of Mr. Robertson came prominently before the public. The next year was the turning point of his fortunes. In November, 1865, was produced, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the comedy of *Society*, which at once established his repute as a shrewd, observant writer of strongly marked originality. Then followed on the same boards *Ours* (September 1866), which so delighted the town by the novelty and neatness of its story; *Caste* (April, 1867), so excellently written and so admirably acted, securing admiration by the freshness of the theme and the boldness of the treatment; *Play* (February, 1868), a work of a more romantic kind, rendered memorable by a charming love-scene; and

School (January, 1869) the most popular of the series, obtaining a consecutive run of 381 nights. In April, 1870, was produced *M.P.*, the sixth of the series, and which was only withdrawn at the close of last November to make way for a revival of *Ours*, still more successfully maintaining its position in the Prince of Wales's programme. With these pieces the name and fame of Mr. Robertson will ever be closely associated. His dramas include *Shadow Tree Shaft*, produced at the Princess's; *A Rapid Thaw*, at the St. James's; *For Love*, at the Holborn Theatre; *Dreams*, at the Gaiety; *The Nightingale*, at the Adelphi; and *Progress*, at the Globe; whilst *Home* at the Haymarket will be remembered as an exceedingly clever adaptation. His last production was the comedy of *War*, brought out at the St. James's only three weeks ago, and which for reasons already sufficiently explained in these columns, failed to succeed. The piece was withdrawn after a short run of fifteen nights on the very evening the author expired. Mr. Robertson has been besides active as a journalist on several daily and weekly papers, and has written during the last eleven years numerous stories, essays, and miscellaneous articles for magazines and periodicals.

Mr. T. W. Robertson, who was twice married, leaves a family of three children to mourn the loss of a most affectionate parent.

DREAMS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In many of the obituary notices of the lamented Mr. Robertson, the writers have assumed that he failed as a dramatist in every other theatre except the Prince of Wales's. This is not true as far as the Gaiety is concerned. His drama of *Dreams* was played here for ninety-six nights, to receipts that most managers would consider excellent. Mr. Robertson, let me say, was the most liberal and amiable dramatic author I have had to deal with. He consented readily to any managerial alteration likely to increase the popularity of his drama, and freely acknowledged any such services rendered him.—Yours, &c.

Gaiety Theatre, Feb. 6.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

REVIEWS.

The Maid of the Dee; or, Nobody cares for me. Pathetic Scotch Ballad, the Symphonies and Accompaniments by WILLIAM H. CALLCOTT, [London: Cramer & Co.]

Who does not know the quaint and vigorous melody which celebrates the independent spirit of the old Dee-side miller? In this arrangement, "from an original edition," the air appears as sung by everybody; but the verses tell us of the miller's hapless, yet high-spirited daughter, who, cherishing an unreciprocated affection, died of grief, and as she died, exclaimed with all the old man's sturdiness, "I care for nobody, no, not I; if nobody cares for me." Mr. Callcott has done his share of the work well, but we should like to know his authority for attributing Scotch parentage to the old ballad tune. Mr. William Chappell would probably disagree with Mr. Callcott.

Song of the Conscript; or, The Tricolour Waving. Written by FRANK W. GREEN; music by ALFRED LEE. [London: C. Sheard.]

The story of a peasant lad, who goes forth to fight the enemies of his country, and falls an early victim, is here well told. We like the music, moreover; the lightheartedness and verve of the *tempo di valze* contrasting admirably with the marching rhythm of a vigorous refrain. The popularity of this song will outlive the war which suggested it.

The Siege of Paris. A Descriptive Fantasia, composed and arranged on all the popular songs of the war, by HENRY PARKER. [London: C. Sheard.]

HERE we have another modern imitation of Kotzwara's venerable "Battle of Prague," and we look curiously to see whether Mr. Parker has introduced modern implements of war into his musical strife. He has not shrunk from the task, the needle-gun, chassepot, and mitrailleuse all playing their part, with what result we are quite unable to describe. The fantasia may be a good thing of its kind, but whether persons of taste care much for the kind is a doubtful question.

The Louise-Lorne Wedding Day. Grand Matrimonial Fantasia, arranged on united Scotch and English Melodies, by HENRY PARKER. [London: C. Sheard.]

HERE is Mr. Parker of the war fantasias attuning his harp to strains of love and peace. Doubtless, he enjoys the change, and so do we, even though it leads us to a *potpourri* of melodies, varied by episodes for bag-pipes, and winding-up with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." A reviewer has said of "this splendid Wedding Fantasia," that "whenever matrimony is contemplated the piece should be practised; and it cannot fail to impart great delight to all interested." Here, then, is the charm by which Angelina can win over the obdurate Paterfamilias who objects to Edward. A lengthened application of the bag-pipe episodes would, we undertake to say, do the work very effectually.

Mother, weep not for your Boy. A Song of the War. Written by NELLA; composed by ALFRED LEE. [London: C. Sheard.]

An unpretentious setting of some good verses, the music being at once expressive and simple. As to the subject of the song, it can be imagined without help from us.

Death of the Vivandière. Written by NELLA; music by HENRY PARKER. [London: C. Sheard.]

A SOMEWHAT colourless song. Mr. Parker has written correctly and with feeling; but all his phrases are of the most familiar sort, while their accompaniment is purely conventional. We may justly doubt the utility of bringing out so-called new songs, which, as a matter of fact, contain nothing new whatever.

Came the Lord of Lorne a-wooing. Anglo-Scotch Ballad, written by FRANK W. GREEN; music by ALFRED LEE. [London: C. Sheard.]

This song has been suggested by *Punch's* exquisitely humorous cartoon, "A Real German Defeat," and, therefore, vaunts the triumph of the Scotch marquis over all rival suitors. The words are, perhaps, as good as the subject could inspire; but they are wrong in at least one matter of fact. Says Mr. Green:

"Ancient English law and custom,
Cupid only laughed to scorn;
Love, that now aside hath thrust 'em
Sped thy wooing, Lord of Lorne."

We doubt not that Cupid is perfectly ready to laugh to scorn anything that stands in his way, even if it be the Lord Chancellor, great seal and all; but in this case, he has had no opportunity of defying "ancient English law and custom," which sanction the very union brought about by his means. Mr. Green should read history, and look up the date of the Royal Marriage Act. The melody of the song is not very original, though light and pleasing; while the extremely simple accompaniments need revision in order that soul-harrowing consecutive perfect fifths might be got rid of, and some sort of resolution given to minor sevenths, which haunt the ear in a state of anxious suspense.

Elizabeth Walzer. Composed by LOUIS VONDER FINCK, 15, Green Street. An agreeable set of waltzes, which attain to greater novelty of theme than the average of such effusions. It is easy to play, and deserves a share of notice.

WAIFS.

Monthly Popular Concerts, with Mr. Ridley Prentice as their chief, are being given at the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood.

Edwin Forrest has commenced an engagement at Wall's Opera-house, Washington.

Dr. Wm. P. Cunningham, a well-known musician of Philadelphia, died suddenly.

A grand organ is to be erected in the new Music Hall at Sheffield, and tenders for the instrument have already been invited from several eminent builders.

A new operetta, entitled *A Friar of Orders Grey*, the libretto by Edward Legge, the music by William Mason, will be performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal, South Shields.

Signora Rubini, *prima donna* of the Italian Opera Company performing at the Albiau Theatre, Havana, Cuba, died in that city, of yellow fever, Jan. 15th.

The Burns Club of New York celebrated the Bard's birthday at Steinway Hall. The Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., delivered the oration.

A concert is organizing for the benefit of the "French Refugee Benevolent Fund," when a new Cantata by Professor Glover, entitled *St. Patrick*, will be given for the first time in London.

Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to sex; sillybus, to kiss the hand instead of the lip; blunderbus, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss all the persons in the room; ernesbus, to kiss in the dark.

In Florence the dramatic season of the Carnival has begun well, with three first-rate companies of actors at the following theatres: the company of Signor Ernesto Rossi at the Teatro Nuovo; that of Signor Tommaso Salvini at the Teatro Pagliano, and that of Allemanno Morelli at the Teatro Niccolini.

We are glad to insert the following notice:—"Holborn Theatre On and after Monday evening all fees will be abolished, and the servants paid by the management; and it is to be hoped that the public will refrain from giving any gratuities, and thus aid Mr. Sefton Parry in carrying out this desirable and excellent system."

The Ninth New York Regiment of the Line has been "presented" with a band of one hundred musicians by the commander, Colonel Fisk, junior.

"Wallace's overture to *Lurline*—says Watson—"is a noble work; broad in its design; beautiful in its symmetry; worked up with profound skill; bold, varied, and admirable in his instrumentation; and replete with lovely and effective subjects, treated with rare poetic imagination. It is the work of a master hand."

Dr. Spark of Leeds has announced a work to be published by subscription, called *The Freemasons' Liber Musicus*. Several "brethren," among them Sir Michael Costa, Messrs. Henry Smart, Dr. Robert P. Stewart, John Barnett, Wellington Guernsey, &c., have been engaged for the work, which will consist of every description of music requisite in the working of masonic meetings, festivals, &c.

On Monday evening the Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein attended an amateur concert given at St. Mark's School, Windsor, by the ladies and gentlemen of the Windsor and Eton Amateur Madrigal Society, in aid of the Windsor Parish Church Improvement Fund. There was a large and aristocratic audience. The programme consisted of a choice selection of madrigals, part-songs, trios, and solos, with instrumental music.

Mr. Cousins the conductor of the Philharmonic Society has been specially invited to Vienna to take charge of an original bust of Beethoven in plaster by Prof. Schaller as a presentation to the Society in recognition of the kind manner in which the great composer was aided in his last moments. The bust, which is an admirable likeness was given by Madame Fanny Linzbauer the wife of a professor in Pesth. It has never been copied before.

Letters from Prague of the 28th January, announce the death, after a short illness, of Count Albert von Nostiz, President of the Conservatoire of Music. The Conservatoire has sustained a great loss. It will be difficult to find another president so influential and so ready to bring all his energies to assist the progress of musical education in his native city as the late Count Nostiz. Count Waldstein, a descendant of the "Beethoven" Waldstein, or Prince Emil Furstenberg are named as probably to succeed him.

Mr. George F. Bristow the American composer has nearly finished a symphony cantata, *The Pioneer*, words by Henry C. Watson, illustrative of a journey across the prairies, and of all the sorrows of such a journey, such as conflagration, storm, and attack by Indians. The orchestral portion consists of three movements: Allegro, Adagio, Scherzo—which represents an Indian war dance. The vocal part consists of choruses, solos, and duets, among them a woodchopper's chorus, fight with the Indians, and final victory of the emigrants.

At the National Theatre in Athens, at the festival performance on the occasion of the celebration of the Olympian Games, amongst the dramatic works produced were Pichat's tragedy of *Leonidas*, in five acts translated from the French, and a comedy in three acts entitled *The Bridegroom's Siege*, by an Athenian writer, Vlachos, who obtained the prize for his comedy; and at the conclusion of his play, on being repeatedly summoned to the footlights by the applause of the audience, received a golden laurel wreath from the Committee of the Olympic Games.

A clergyman who had faith in Watts' hymn book, said he could never open any page without finding a hymn entirely appropriate. A boy of his thought he would test his father's faith, and, taking that old song, "Old Grimes is dead," pasted it over one of the hymns so nicely that it could not be detected. The minister took the hymn book to church, and happened to open that very page, and commenced to read:—"Old Grimes is dead." There was a sensation. The minister looked at the choir, and they at him; but he had unbounded faith in Watts, and undertook it again, commencing with the same line. There was another sensation. Looking at it again, and then at the choir, he said:—"Brother, it is here in the regular order in Watts' hymn book, and we will sing it, anyhow."

Bell's Weekly Messenger, which is said to be edited by a well-known London clergyman, brings an ugly indictment against the Dean and Chapter of Worcester of misappropriating the revenues of the Cathedral, and in plain English, of robbing the Minor Canons of the incomes to which they are justly entitled by Act of Parliament. According to the editor's statement £150 a-year was provided for each of the four Minor Canons, but this they have never received, being allowed in its stead the miserable pittance of £36. If these things are so—and perhaps our Worcester correspondent can throw some light on the matter—the inefficient rendering of the services, commented on in our columns some time ago, is easily accounted for, and the recent appointment of a fifth Minor Canon to do the work which was naturally found to be too much for the underpaid staff is explained.—*The Choir*.

[Feb. 11, 1871.]

Watson has again been speaking plainly. He says of a Mdlle. Clara Perl:—

"As this lady never sings in tune, she is, of course, the special pet of the *New York Herald*, where her name is dragged in for laudation upon every possible and impossible occasion. On this occasion she sang as badly out of tune as ever, so that to sit and hear her was painful. If her registers ever were equalized, there is but little trace of it now. The rough contrasts are positively disagreeable. We regret that we cannot conscientiously say one word in favour of her singing at this concert."

A rather amusing incident occurred at the Nilsson concert in Indianapolis. Just before Miss Nilsson was to appear in the Mad-scene from *Hamlet*, the portly Signor Brignoli appeared upon the stage and said, "Mad'lle Nilsson is 'leettle horse' and begs your indulgence." From the look of mingled mirth and astonishment depicted upon the countenance of the audience nearest him, he concluded that perhaps he was not understood, and therefore said the same thing over again, leaving the stage in confusion, while the vast audience had a healthy laugh at his expense. He had evidently got the wrong word in the right place and meant hoarse.

Under the heading, "Advice to Actors about visiting the Australian Colonies," the *Era* says:—"We have received a letter from Mr. Bandmann on this subject, which the law of libel prevents us publishing. If Mr. Bandmann's statements be correct—and we have no reason to doubt them—no actor or actress should leave England for Australia without first obtaining a license from the Dramatic Authors' Society to play its pieces, otherwise they are likely to be compelled to leave a large share of their earnings behind them, for whose benefit, the society or its agent, we cannot say."

When the ancient Egyptians wanted to transport one of their gigantic obelisks, placing it on a number of wheeled carriages they harnessed men to them, not by hundreds, but by thousands; and as represented on ancient bas-reliefs, in order to animate this multitude by the same impulsion, a man, mounted on the monolith, sang a song, beating the measure with his hands. On board ship, the heaviest anchors are heaved by sailors stepping to a rhythmical chant. Horses feel the effects of rhythm. Not to mention the obedience of cavalry, note how the steeds in a circus alter their pace at a change in the music.

Madame Anna Bishop Schultz, who seems to have just commenced her professional career, if we may judge by the freshness and certainty of her voice and her glowing artistic enthusiasm, sang the solos in the mass beautifully. Throughout especially in the *bravura* passages, her voice rang out as clearly and as melodiously as a silver bell; and all that she did was so exquisitely finished and in such perfect taste, that it was a perfect luxury to listen to her interpretation of the music. She studied when musical education was a serious thing, and the school was strict and pure; and thus it is that she controls her voice and retains her art-abandon as completely as she did when at the zenith of her popularity. It is good to have so splendid an artist among us.—*Watson*.

A very pleasant *conversazione*, the first of the season, was held under the auspices of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, on Thursday, in last week, at the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. The musical performances, which formed one of the chief attractions of the evening, were conducted by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the honorary musical director of the society, and among the artists were Mdlle. Gilbert, Mrs. Harriet Lee, Miss Katherine Poynett, Mr. W. H. Stedman, Herr Stepan, Herr Lutzen, a violoncellist, and no less than four pianists—Messrs. Holmes, Hammond, Gilbert, and Douce. The programme was admirably arranged, and gave great satisfaction to the large audience.

The *Gaulois* reports a very touching incident. Mdlle. Marie Roze, the charming *pensionnaire* of the Opéra Comique, was about to sing the song of the *Djinns*, when it was noticed that the music had been forgotten. Luckily, Auber the "immortal," as the Parisians style him, was present, and placing himself before the piano, he accompanied Mdlle. Roze in his most brilliant of styles. It is truly touching to see this Parisian of Parisians—whose presence at Bordeaux, and even in London, has been reported by some of our contemporaries—cling to his dear city in her extremities; and whilst the youth of Paris has not degenerated, with beautiful women to cheer them on, we should be thoroughly deceived if they would not fight out the bitter combat to the end.—*London Figaro*.

I rather wish Mr. Burnand had been at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday night; for, as he enjoys a joke, I feel sure he would have laughed heartily at the first sensation scene in *Deadman's Point; or, The Light-house on Carr Ruth*. It was a huge jest. The sensation in question was the wreck of a young gentleman's yacht, and the saving of the young gentleman by a simple Cornish maiden. The scene was led up to by a dismal clattering and talking of carpenters behind, and the usual exciting preliminaries which precede a stage wreck—to wit, sudden

flashes of magnesium-lightning at an open window in a flat; women scurrying to and fro, and seizing bonnets and shawls with fierce violence; slamming of doors and general confusion; men with ropes and men with lanterns—some going the right way, and some running off in the opposite direction. When the great scene is disclosed, a most extraordinary sight is presented. What are supposed to be fleecy clouds seud along the sky, and across the silver moon, but the scudding clouds are, for all the world, like pictures of legs and stockings—legs of every imaginable deformity, and stockings of all imaginable shapes. This new cloud effect was treated with the derision it deserved. Then came Miss Furtado, on a slippery rock, in the centre of the stage, who appeared to be flinging coils of rope to a dark-blue alligator. On came the alligator, from the O.P. side, probably struggling, on his stomach, with a most uncomfortable barrel. Meanwhile, the dusty and most unwatered waves powdered and choked the audience. The dark-blue alligator, to the surprise of the audience, turned out to be a man—the lover of Miss Furtado, in fact, who, what with the obstinate barrel and the coils of blue muslin, what with the dust and confusion, looked a most pitiable object. I suppose the gentleman in the blue muslin dressing-gown was saved; but I honestly own that I never saw a worse shipwreck or yachtwreck, on the stage, in the whole course of my life.

—*London Figaro*.

It is refreshing to hear on all sides the desire expressed for independent criticism; but apply that test to these enthusiastic lovers of truth, and off goes the subscription and away goes the advertisement. No stream cut-off is as effectual in its action as truth-telling in a newspaper. We have indulged in that expensive luxury largely; and, strange to say, we have rarely found the individual honoured with that class of notice, either grateful for it, or able to discover any of that coveted article, truth, in the remarks. We have, however, the doubtful pleasure of knowing that every brother artist agrees with any criticism disparaging another; so we have at least a sort of left-handed sympathy.

—*Dolby's Musical Circular*.

Here is another example of plain speaking, taken from a concert report in *Watson's Art Journal*:—

"To begin with the worst feature of the entertainment—the orchestra. This wretched assortment of music-murderers was announced 'from the Philharmonic Society!' Now the Philharmonic is a pretty shabby society, but we must defend it from such an insult. We feel sure that none of its members would have so disgraced an engagement. But if we are obliged to believe what we see in print, and we suppose we are, then that portion of the Philharmonic Society present in St. Stephen's Church on Sunday evening, was decidedly drunk. For, in no other state of existence could they have played in a manner so disgracefully unmusical-like. The instruments were wretchedly out of tune, and the players seemed to glory in the fact. The overtures were worthy of a menagerie when no audience is present—about feeding-time,—when the animals are being stirred up with a long pole. The accompaniments were simply infamously barbarous. Not only did they not go with the singer; not only were the instruments out of tune; not only did they fumble in, one after another, and give us minor for major and major for minor intervals, but they did not play two consecutive bars correctly from the beginning to the end. It was a performance altogether so infamously bad, so degrading to the standing of New York musicians, that words are too weak to characterize it. The players should have been taken from the church to the whipping post, and from thence to the stocks, if such institutions were in existence—which for their sake we regret they are not—and finally dismissed as vagrants, and condemned as ineligible to appear in an orchestra in any civilized country. The next bad feature was Miss Alma Krause. Her singing is as bad as her assurance is great. She certainly is unconscious of the first principles of the vocal art; her voice is hard and uncultivated, but it was wonderful to hear her tumble up and down the scale—now sliding, now bumping, and only fetching up by the mercy of Divine Providence somewhere, where least expected. And then to hear shakes independently shaken about loose, a full tone below the proper pitch, oh! it was wonderful! How we envy the complacency that could do such barbarous execution, and still smile on and execute again!"

The buildings in which the Exhibition of 1871 will be held have been designed by Lieut.-Col. Scott, R.E., and are to be of a permanent character. Those familiar with the Horticultural Gardens know the long ornamental arcades parallel with the Albert and Exhibition Roads. At the back of these arcades is a piece of waste ground, some 200 feet wide, extending to the road. On these strips of land the two main exhibition buildings are to be built. At their northern ends, these main buildings will be placed in communication with the conservatory of the Horticultural Gardens, and through it with the new Albert Hall of Arts (the grand promenade of which will be utilized for exhibition purposes, the educational collection being placed therein) by covered approaches, which are being made upon the top of the arcades connecting them with the conservatory. The southern ends of the main buildings will communicate with the permanent portion of the Exhibition building of 1862, which forms the southern boundary of the Horticultural

tural Gardens. By this means the building will completely surround the gardens, to which the public will be admitted at certain times, and under special conditions, which have yet to be decided upon. The buildings are in the decorated Italian style, with mouldings, cornices, columns, and courses in buff-coloured terra-cotta; the brickwork being of the hard red Fareham bricks, so as to match the garden architecture, and harmonize with the new Museum buildings which are rising in front of them. The terra-cotta and red Fareham bricks are more durable against a London winter than even granite. The buildings altogether will accommodate 50,000 people. The Prince of Wales is the president of Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Exhibition; Messrs. Spiers & Pond are to be the refreshment contractors; and Her Majesty's Commissioners have entered into arrangements for the printing and publication of the official catalogues by Messrs. J. M. Johnson & Sons, of Castle Street, Holborn, London.

Mr. Richard Hoffman, the English pianist, son of the veteran professor, Mr. Richard Andrews of Bowden, near Manchester, played with great success the barcarolle from Professor Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Concerto, and the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor (Op. 37), at the second concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, on the 7th ult. At the same concert M. Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, and the overtures to *Anacreon* (Cherubini), and *Ruy Blas*, (Mendelssohn), were given under the conductorship of Herr Bergmann. At Mr. Hoffman's first pianoforte *soirée*, he played, in conjunction with Messrs. Burke and Bergner, Beethoven's Trio, Op. 11, and with the latter Mendelssohn's Sonata, Op. 45. Mr. Hoffman's solo performances consisted of Beethoven's Sonata in G (Op. 14, No. 2), a Nocturne and Polonaise by Chopin, and a "Show Piece" by M. Gottschalk. The Souvenir, Agitato and Abschied, from Heller and Ernst's "Péages Fugitives," for pianoforte and violin, were also played by Mr. Hoffman, assisted by Mr. Burke.

WEIMAR.—The Abbate Franz Liszt will arrive here at Easter and remain till Whitsuntide. It is his intention to return, after that date, to Hungary.

MUNICH.—Almost entirely forgotten by everyone, Herr Moritz Gritt, once celebrated through the length and breadth of Germany as a tenor, died on the 25th January. Some six years ago, while on a starring tour, he suddenly lost his voice, and none of the means to which he had recourse could ever restore it. At the time of his death, he was on the pension fund of the Theatre Royal.—Herr Max Zenger, musical director at the above theatre, has just completed a symphony, which will shortly be performed here. It is entitled: "1870," and is intended to pourtray the great events which have recently taken place in the history of Germany.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

ROBERT COOKS & CO.—"The Carmarthenshire March," by Brinley Richards.
NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.—Mozart's Opera of *Don Giovanni*, Edited by Natalia Macfarren. "Tre canti popolari Toscani," la Musica composta de Morton Latham.

Advertisements.

THE VOICE & SINGING ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.

Price 12s.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & CO., 244, Regent-street, W.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

HAS maintained its high character for a quarter of a century; and the flattering testimonials received from Grisi, Persiani, Lablache, and many of the Clergy and Statesmen, fully establish its great virtues. No Vocalist or Public Speaker should be without it. To be obtained of all Wholesale and Retail Chemists in the United Kingdom.

OPHELIA'S BALLAD,

"THERE THOU SLEEPEST, WHERE THE FLOOD IS DEEPEST,"

Sung by Mademoiselle CHRISTINE NILSSON, with immense success, in the Opera of "HAMLET."

The English Words by JOHN OXFORD, Esq.

The Music by AMBROISE THOMAS.

Price 1s. 6d.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR New Pieces.

I Puritani.

GRAND FANTASIA ON BELLINI'S OPERA.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

Arcadia.

SCENE À LA WATTEAU.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

Sérénade de Gounod.

TRANSCRIPTION.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

Sweet Sounds.

MORCEAU DE SALON.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY,
HANOVER SQUARE.

JUST PUBLISHED,
THE
LORD OF LORNE LANCERS
BY
DAN. GODFREY,
BANDMASTER, GRENADIER GUARDS.
A New Set of Lancers on Scotch Airs, beautifully illustrated (by T. W. LEE) with an authentic
PORTRAIT OF
THE MARQUESS OF LORNE.
Price 4s.

THE
LORD OF LORNE GALOP.

A New Portrait of the MARQUESS OF LORNE, from a Photograph by Messrs. ELLIOTT & FRY, is published on the title-page of DAN. GODFREY'S LORD OF LORNE GALOP.

Price 3s.

NEW CLASSICAL JUVENILE WORK.

**CARL REINECKE'S
JUVENILE ALBUM.**

A Collection of Thirty Original Easy Pieces, arranged in a Progressive Form for Young Performers on the Pianoforte.

IN TWO BOOKS, 4s. EACH.

Santley's New Song,
WHAT SHALL I SING?

Composed expressly for him by

SIGNOR ARDITI,

And sung with the greatest success at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last.

Price 4s.

IF I WERE A VOICE.

Composed by

RICHARD KING.

Price 3s.

LONDON:

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond St.

MESSRS. HUTCHINGS & ROMER

Beg to announce that the whole of the Music in BOTTEGINI'S New Opera,

"ALI BABA,"
Is Now Ready.

The Opera complete, with Italian and English words,
£1 11s. 6d. s. d.

OVERTURE	- - - - -	4	0
INTRODUCTION e Coro, "Che si fa"	- - - - -		
ARIA, con Coro, ALI BABA, "Oh Spettacolo che ineanta"	- - - - -	4	0
" Also arranged as Solo	- - - - -	3	0
ROMANZA, DELIA, "Non e il poter"	- - - - -	3	0
" Also arranged in lower Key	- - - - -	3	0
DUO, ALI BABA e ABOUL, "D'immenso Giubilo"	- - - - -	4	0
TRIO, DELIA, ALI BABA, e ABOUL, "Esultiamo"	- - - - -	4	0
DUO, DELIA e NADIR, "Ah! Dal Giorno"	- - - - -	3	0
TRIO, DELIA, NADIR, e ALI BABA, "Par tirò se l'affanno"	- - - - -	3	0
ROMANZA, NADIR, "Lunge da te"	- - - - -	3	0
" Also arranged in lower Key	- - - - -	3	0
FINALE, Act I., March and Chorus, &c.	- - - - -	4	0
CORO, SOPRANI, "O come è bello"	- - - - -	2	6
ARIA e RECIT., DELIA, "O Nadir compagno fido"	- - - - -	3	0
DUETTINO, DELIA e ABOUL, "Parlo, imponi"	- - - - -	4	0
QUARTETTE, "Nadir! lui stesso!"	- - - - -	4	0
DUO, DELIA e NADIR, "Sei di dunque"	- - - - -	3	0
DUO, NADIR e ALI BABA, "Nella prossima"	- - - - -	4	0
MARCH e CORO, "Alla leggiadra"	- - - - -	2	6
FINALE, Act II., "Sarebbe mai vero?"	- - - - -	10	6
BALLATA, NADIR	- - - - -	3	0
TRIO, "Ratti voliam sull' orme"	- - - - -	2	6
TERZETTO, "Serena la fronte"	- - - - -	3	0
CORO, "Compagni a cavallo"	- - - - -	2	6
ARIA e RECIT., DELIA, "In questa grotta"	- - - - -	3	0
ARIA, ALI BABA, "Oh prodigo!"	- - - - -	5	0
FINALE, Act III.	- - - - -	9	0
CORO, SOPRANI, "Gloria al Profeta"	- - - - -	3	0
QUINTETTO, "E troppo l' angoscia"	- - - - -	5	0
TERZETTO, con Coro, "Chi va là"	- - - - -	4	0
VALSE, ALI BABA e DELIA, con Coro, "Se un bicchier"	- - - - -	4	0
" Se un bicchier," arranged as Solo	- - - - -	3	0
" E l' ebbrezza." Sung by Mdlle. Calisto	- - - - -	3	0
FINALE, "Ma ch'è ciò?"	- - - - -	2	6

9, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET, W.